

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by The New York Evening World,
11 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 11 Park Row.
J. ANTHONY SHAW, Treasurer, 11 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 11 Park Row.
Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates to The Evening World and the Continental and
World for the United States and Canada. All Countries in the International
Postal Union.

One Year, \$1.50 One Year, \$1.50
One Month, 15¢ One Month, 15¢

VOLUME 51 NO. 10,128

"TO A KNOCKOUT."

THE grim determination of the Briton to make no half-way use of his new-found strength could have had no better exponent than the stout-hearted Welshman who is now the British War Secretary. If Thiepval and Cambrai needed any commentary Lloyd George has furnished it.

All the push and thrust of British purpose, confident at last after long months of lying low and getting ready, can be felt in the vigorous phrases of the War Minister. "The fight must be to a knockout." The heroic endurance of Britain's citizen soldiers, "battered, bombed and gassed," while their country was not yet ready to supply them with shells enough to hit back, must not go for naught. Time does not matter. No peace is possible "until Prussian military despotism is broken beyond repair." "This ghastliness must never be re-enacted on this earth."

Such a spirit, perhaps, sufficiently excuses the impatience and resentment with which the British Secretary of War treats the suggestion of peace moves from neutral quarters. "Britain asked no intervention when she was not prepared to fight. She will tolerate none now that she is prepared."

So far as the United States is concerned, warnings of this sort are uncalled for at the present time. The President has succeeded so far in preventing peace enthusiasts, even in Congress, from pushing the country into a mediatory muddle where it could meet only with rebuffs. Of late his example seems to have quieted even the Bryans and the Henry Fords.

The President's carefully considered and dignified offer of mediation was made nearly two years ago. It still stands exactly as it was then meant. Great Britain need entertain no "suspicions" that the Government of the United States is meditating efficacious interference of any sort, least of all that it is conspiring with Prussianism to stop the war.

Sympathy, but no strike. The Building Trade workers, the Longshoremen and the Tidewater Boatmen give reassuring evidence that labor hereabouts is not yet so short-sighted that it can't see to the bottom of a dinner-pail.

A LATIN-AMERICAN VIEW.

REPUBLICAN campaign speakers, including the candent candidate himself, make it an indispensable part of their daily exercise to hammer President Wilson's foreign policy.

To one of the results of that policy we beg to call attention by printing in full the following letter:

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In these stirring times of political unrest the question of the foreign-born voter often results in a serious issue without consulting the conditions which might influence the voter himself. It has often been said that the Spanish, Cubans and other Latin-Americans are opposed to the Wilsonian policy and candidacy. In regard to this statement we wish to say that if any such positive affirmation could be pronounced at this time it would not be in accord with the opinions of Latin-Americans as a whole.

As a matter of fact, some Latin-American people may be dissatisfied with the course of the present Administration, but it does not mean that the majority of the residents or the most influential part of them follow such tendencies.

The dissatisfaction with Mr. Wilson's policies are a matter of local sentiment aroused by the influence of American diplomacy in some of the tropical countries. Latin America as a whole is gratified by the attitude of the President of the United States in being the first to recognize the efficiency of the A.B.C. of the southern republics; for the equitable manner through which the difficulties with Colombia over the possession of the Panama Canal were solved; the broad spirit in which he has interpreted the Monroe Doctrine, so creating a stronger trust and confidence in the United States, and the most recent proof, his equanimity in the handling of the Mexican situation.

Convinced by the fairness of his policies the majority of Latin-Americans desire that this fair statesman be allowed to continue his labor of social justice in the internal affairs of his country and of kind reciprocity toward the other American republics.

As perhaps a truer interpretation of the Latin-American mind in respect to this issue, we hope you will publish this letter, in which we voice the opinions of the majority of our people.

ERNEST MONTENEGRO,

Editor La Prensa (N. Y.).

For some years past one of the hardest of this country's problems has been to find ways to convince the Latin peoples of South America that the United States respects both their territories and their governments and has no ulterior plan to absorb the continent. Foreign-born voters of South American origin have naturally shared prejudices born of such misapprehensions.

Latin-American distrust of Uncle Sam, in short, became proverbial. Is it a small achievement for a President to have so far dispelled it?

Candidate Hughes is right. A schedule of twenty-two speeches in thirty hours is too much of a good thing. With so little to say it's a needless tax to say it so often.

Letters From the People

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is there such a word as "cynicism"? I am. H. M. J.

The Texas Call to Heaven.
My friend and I have had a discussion about the pronunciation of Houston, Texas. My friend pronounces it Houston and I pronounce it Hoo-ston. We turn to you for the correct pronunciation. N. Y. M.

Wife, Slave of War, Petronas.
What can I find out if a German war prisoner remained in Russia? J. R.

Apply Board of Education.
What kind of the living world? Inform me as to whether I can obtain a list of courses taken up at public day high schools. If so, where?

W. W.

No Accounting for Taste

By J. H. Cassel



Just a Wife (Her Diary.)

Edited by Janet Trevor
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CHAPTER LXIII.

OCT. 2.—Ned came home to-day. Dr. Talbot brought him from the hospital. They promised to arrive at 2:30, and I was waiting for them just inside the door of the apartment. When I saw Ned's face I was alarmed, for he looked even whiter than when I had seen him at the hospital two days before.

"He's merely tired," tall, gray-haired, fatherly Dr. Talbot assured me. He is a courteous and friendly Southerner, and I hope Ned and I are not going to lose sight of him.

"I'll settle him on that big couch," the doctor continued as we passed the threshold of the living room, "if you'll get a glass of cold water, Mrs. Hough-

ton?" "Or I won't answer for the consequences."

Then both men looked up and saw me.

"Dr. Talbot," I said, unstrung, "haven't you been telling me the truth? Is Ned really in danger? Please let me know; please don't treat me like a child."

"I'm afraid he needs the glass of water to Ned's lips. When he set it down we took my hand and drew me close to Ned's couch."

"You are the best doctor for your husband," he said gently. "I was just giving him one of the lectures I am sure you are too kind to inflict on me like a child."

"I'm afraid he needs the glass of water to Ned's lips. When he set it down we took my hand and drew me close to Ned's couch."

"You are the best doctor for your husband," he said gently. "I was just giving him one of the lectures I am sure you are too kind to inflict on me like a child."

"Only a little," he replied. "Don't you know how little you know when you're old?" The man who a woman loves is making this to her, but always he is her little boy. A poor boy is sometimes impudent, sometimes a scamp and a mischievous scamp, but his mother doesn't mind his badness; he follows his father's profession for a time, but ultimately gives it up to devote all his time to philosophy.

Socrates was short, grotesquely

Lives That Prove Democracy

By Nicola Greeley-Smith

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No. III.—Socrates.

SOCRATES, greatest of all moralists and bodily dressed. He was one of the first advocates of plain living and high thinking. So long as he could bring friends home to sit about his board and talk he did not care what else he had to offer them, nor what he had to eat. He was Xanthippus, son of another man, about whom wives are apt to be. She shared the philosopher's poverty without having the consciousness of his high ideals. And perhaps she had to talk to the tradesmen about their unpaid accounts. ANYWAY, Xanthippus made her husband a philosopher, but he did not care what he became. Xanthippus was a shrewish wife. For all that she may have been just the wife the philosopher wanted. Xanthippus in his *Meditations* quotes a very curious discourse of the philosopher on the folly of exposing oneself to the lure of beauty. The king of a beautiful country according to Socrates was of course "more dangerous than a serpent" and he thought men as foolish as risk temptation with the fever of love as to infect themselves deliberately with other deadly diseases. Perhaps Socrates married Xanthippus shrewish and unlovable to put himself in a sort of perpetual torment. And he thought men as foolish as risk temptation with the fever of love as to infect themselves deliberately with other deadly diseases. Perhaps Socrates married Xanthippus shrewish and unlovable to put himself in a sort of perpetual torment. And he thought men as foolish as risk temptation with the fever of love as to infect themselves deliberately with other deadly diseases.

The commandant sort of lamp in those dimly distant days was of terra cotta with a round hole in the top, through which to pour in oil, a spout, a flat bottom, and a handle, the general contour being similar to that of the gray stone lamps of the Greeks.

Among the patriots of Athens and Rome the lamp of bronze was most favored and it was in the earlier years of the Roman consulships that the suspension lamps first came into use.

The work of the manufacturers of Greeley and Rome are rich in records of historic lamps. For example the copper lamps of the Greeks and Romans and the Roman Museum, the earthware lamps of Pompeii, and after his death for £1000 drachmas, the lamp designed by the sculptor Callimachus for the new Ptolemyion at Athens about 180 B. C. and which when filled with oil burned steadily day and night for a whole year. The lamp used to hold the oil in the center of the base, the source of light being over the head of Ned, to give nothing of the lamp of mythology carried by Perseus in his quest for the sleeping Cupid.

For twenty centuries the oil lamp, with its variations in design, served the purpose of lighting indoors, from the hovel of the peasant to the palace of the king, from the cave-holding caves of the early Christians to the stately religious temples of mediaeval and modern days.

Up to the middle of the Nineteenth Century only one of a vegetable and animal origin were employed. Then in 1850 James Young of Scotland introduced the mineral oil, kerosene and paraffin.

Progress in the design of indoor lamps went up to the later years of the eighteenth century had been of shallow vessels into which a short length of loose, puffy wick dropped, began in France with Kergué's lamp, which while in the following year, 1784, Auguste Argand invented the round cylindrical burner which to this day is known whomever made, bear his name.

Then in succession through the early nineteenth century came the numerous developments of the oil lamp, beginning with the flat wick lamp invented 1844, the flat wick lamp lamps designed by Berlin in 1850, and since 1854 commonly used in every city tenement dwelling room or humbler country residence of England and America. The Duplex lamp invented by Hiram Maximilian in England in 1854, the Dutch lamp, 1856, the Dutch lamp, 1858, and the Waukesha lamp of 1860.

There came a lag at the end and

Loosening a Tight Glass Stopper.

HAD generated by the friction of a cord drawn rapidly around the neck of a bottle, as shown in the picture, will cause the glass to expand and free the cork. This is a contribution to Popular Mechanics. A convenient method of accomplishing this is to tie one end of a cord around the neck of the bottle, and hold the other end of the cord as indicated. The bottle may then be drawn quickly back and forth along the cord, causing the neck to become heated.

Labor is the divine law of our existence; indolence is destruction and suicide.—MAZZINI.

Mary Davis appeared. She had remained invisible in her room when Ned arrived. I shaded myself for the momentary wish that she had wanted to see me again. There was an unnatural coldness in Mary's manner. But Ned seemed slightly confused. She asked about Ned's accident and congratulated him upon his speedy convalescence. I did not really believe Martha's in-

Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces.
By Albert Payson Terhune

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THE LUCKY MAN from the Arabic.

ONE called him "The Lucky Man" since folk will ever shrink back when they should say "widow" or "widower" and Hafti, the sheik, was "lucky" only because he was wise and provident and brave and quick of wit.

For it be known, Good Fortune comes alike to each man's test and knocks thereof. And some, looking forth, do not recognize the visitor and others will not so much look forth. Few know Good Fortune at sight and have the wit or energy or courage to seize upon the heaven-sent guest. And these few the world calls "lucky."

Such as one was Hafti, the Sheik.

For example, when, for the third year in succession, the herds and the crops were abundant, he knew from experience that three such seasons must be followed by a famine year. So instead of reaping and ravishing his wealth he secretly bought all the grain and the cattle and the sheep he could lay hands upon. And because the yield was so great he bought all at low price.

Then when famine stalked naked through the land Hafti sold at high cost the herds and the grain he had bought. And folk called him the "lucky" man in a land of misfortunes.

So, too, when other men drank deep at the khana and fought, Hafti avoided the khana and the drinking of wine. Wherefore it was said that he was "lucky" in avoiding brawls and blood-feuds.

But once his "luck" deserted him and this is the manner of the happening.

As he crossed the hill country of El Moghr, he was set upon by four Bedouin robbers. Now Hafti had chosen that hill route because it had been told to him that the Bedouins of El Moghr were at that season encamped in the river plains many miles southward. And he had expected, therefore, a safe journey.

Yet being attacked he sought to save his goods. And, laying about him with his steel-shod sabre staff, he smote one of the four robbers so severely that the fellow dropped dead.

Yet, because one man may not strive successfully against four, Hafti was at last overcome and seized and bound.

Then the three surviving robbers carried him, a prisoner, to their *Emir*. And because he had slain a man of El Moghr, he was condemned to die. For this is the Law of the Desert, since the days of Moses.

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life."

Hafti knew the law and bowed his head in assent. But he said to the *Emir*:

"I have done no crime, save to defend what was mine own. My life is forfeit. Yet I would fain die as becomes a man of my honor. If I will send a letter to my next of kin forbidding him to swear a blood-feud against your tribe for my slaying will you grant that I may choose mine own manner of death?"

And the *Emir* (glad to avoid a new blood-feud) made answer: "Yes, I swear it. What manner of death do you choose?"

And Hafti replied:

"I beg leave to die as my father died."

"It is granted," said the *Emir*. "I swear it by the Triple Oath that no man may break. You shall die as your father died. How did your father die?"

"He died of old age," replied Hafti, the Lucky Man.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCordell

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"A Lull Request"

"Can I have a cup of coffee?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"You drink no much coffee. It isn't good for you. Gertude, take away the coffee," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Give me another cup of coffee," said Mr. Jarr, as the lady of the house started opening letters with a table knife.

"Did the Giants win another game?" asked Mr. Jarr, seeing Mrs. Jarr pass over the sporting section as though it were a page of legal notices.

"Giant! What game?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I'm not interested in gambling. Let's see who's getting married." And she read the marriage announcements with eager interest and then remarked soundly: "Not a person I know. My, how dull the papers are! They are not worth reading."

"Would you mind if I took Saturday off to the movies to-day?" asked Gertude, as she passed by bearing away the coffee pot. "Barometer tell is Saturday night, matin."

Mrs. Jarr gave the girl a look for mentioning bartenders in the presence of children. "I think I should have some rights in this house," Gertude said. "I've an engagement tomorrow night, or I am expecting to come to the movies with Izzy Shavinsky and Gussie Bepler."

"You can't," said Mrs. Jarr. "That letter for me?"

"Is that letter for me?" asked Mr. Jarr, reading his good lady take up one addressed in typewriting.

"Oh, it's only an advertisement," replied Mrs. Jarr, putting it aside.

"That's all the mail